

THOUGHTS IN DREAMS

Startling Rapidity With Which the Mind Works in Sleep.

SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

The Events of a Whole Lifetime May Flit Past the Dreamer in a Few Moments—Queer Results of a Dream Experiment by a Noted Psychologist.

A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass" is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute; in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years.

Count Lavallete relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes.

In a more recent experiment, made expressly to test the truth of these theories, the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet in that inexpressible brief space of time the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and during the long struggle to escape death that followed all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Professor Titchener of Cornell university told with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to awake himself at once when he found himself dreaming something of value. So, with a notebook on a writing table near his bed, he forced himself to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the possible causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it, then went back to sleep again. The next morning he arose and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night again he wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or, if not with that, with his second dream. Subsequently this strong antedreaming command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awaken, and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table.

It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened, and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes, and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.—Outing Magazine.

Pat's Deficiencies.
Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned, and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later.
"I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you \$20,000."

"True," said Mrs. McCarthy; "he did."
"How was that?" asked her friend.
"Pat could not read or write, could he?"
"No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."—New York Press.

Good Reason Why.
The Woman Hater—Can you explain why it is that a woman hardly ever thanks a man for giving her his seat in a street car? The Man Hater—Easily, sir! It's because she hardly ever gets the chance.—Brooklyn Life.

Almost Got It.
"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mr. Malaprop.
"Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured in Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"Arlie, my boy, you must be glad that I, Chris, was proud mit you, an' I vill show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself."

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"Give to Arlie der t'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill."

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for \$100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"Why, Chris, old pal," said Lath, "there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for vat I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?"

"Arlie," replied Von der Ahe, "you vas de one infernal dude in de bizness, I vill dis bill pay, but you vill yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootful clothes you have yourself bought."

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton down to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a bag to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the bag and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproach in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang down to the field by the water below the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband. The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mrs. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darkey (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout you wife dyin', Jim. What you gwine now?
"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatin lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes in the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief-stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Peking News, was first published 590 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Medieval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely banded is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.
"First rate."
"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."
"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."
"What does he say?"
"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.



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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the lock of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

Crumps.

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake brown.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating \$3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores, and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves those over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better positions in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair-Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid. We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

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and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless."

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and ex-

ceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

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